THE MOTHER'S PROBLEM

Of Raising Strong, Healthy Girls.

A serious problem which presents itself to every mother with girls to raise, in these days. The exigencies of school life, the hurry and routine of every-day duties, the artificial environment of modern civilization, make it more difficult to raise strong, healthy girls than ever in the history of the world.

Boys raise themselves. Give them room, give them liberty, and they will grow up healthy at least, without much worrying. But the girls present a serious problem.

How many mothers there are who are worrying about their daughters. Nervous, puny girls, with poor, capricious appetites, bloodless, listless, a constant anxiety to the mother. How shall she solve her problem? To whom shall she turn for help? Each case is more or less a study by itself, and cannot be solved by any general rule.

This is the way one mother solved the problem. Mrs. Schopfer, 5920 Prescott Ave., St. Louis, Mo., in a letter to Dr. Hartman, says: "My daughter Alice, four years of age, was a puny, sickly, ailing child since she was born. I was always doctoring her. When we commenced to use Peruna she grew strong and well."

Another mother, Mrs. Martha Moss, R. F. D. 5, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, says: "Our little eight-year-old girl had a bad cough, and was in a general run-down condition." She had several doctors, who could give the child no relief, and the mother no encouragement.

Finally, she got a bottle of Peruna and commenced giving it to the child, and it proved to be just what she needed. When she commenced taking Peruna the child had to be carried.

Now the mother says she is playing around all the time.

Her closing words were: "You have done a great deal for her. She is the only girl we have, and it meant lots to us to have her cured."

These are samples of many letters which Dr. Hartman is receiving, coming straight from the hearts of loving mothers. While the different schools of medicine are bickering and differing as to theories and remedies, Peruna goes right steadily on giving permanent relief. After all, it is cures that the people want. Theories are of little account.

SOUTH NEWBURY.

Death of Abner Allyn Olmstead, After a Brief Illness.

Mr. Olmstead, a widely known citizen of the place, died of pneumonia, after a very brief illness at his home in this place just before midnight, March 13th. He was born in Newbury, June 15, 1850, and educated at Newbury Seminary. He learned the chairmaking business with his father, and conducted it, with other manufacturing, all his life. He also organized the Orange County Canning Company, of which he was manager. He also conducted other business, as well as farming. Mr. Olmstead was prominent in the Democratic party, being a member of the state committee many years, candidate for presidential elector in 1896, and for lieutenant-governor in 1898, State statistician also during Cleveland's administration. Although Newbury is a strong republican town, he was elected the representative in 1890 and re-elected in 1892. He retired from the office of school director on March 1st, after a faithful service of six years. In all these positions Mr. Olmstead gave conscientious service, according to best judgment, often at the expense of his own interests, and was never accused of using public office for personal gain. He joined the Methodist church at Newbury while a young man, and remained a faithful supporter of its interests, often at much personal sacrifice, and held all the local offices in the church, besides being delegate to various gatherings of the denomination. For many years he has been its leading member, and his loss in its present condition, is irreparable.

Mr. Olmstead was twice married, his first wife a Miss Thompson, dying on Christmas day, 1889. He married again Aug. 11, 1896, Laura N., daughter of Ebenezer C. Stocker. She was taken ill with pneumonia at the same time with her husband, and died four days before him. Their sudden deaths, both life-long residents, with hosts of friends, cast a gloom over the town. They are survived by two young sons.

Mr. Olmstead died in the house in which he was born, and he had always been identified with the best interests of his native town. He was never disheartened by the many trials and discouragements which were part of his lot, and his place will not be filled. F. P. W.

Use the American Liver Tablets.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

WEST WATERFORD.

Mrs. S. F. Cutting is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Willis Bradshaw at Concord Corner.

Mrs. Emily Hovey visited Thursday at Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hovey's.

Miss Bertha Daniels has closed her school and is at home for the spring vacation.

Wilber Blodett was married March 9. He has bought a farm in Peacham.

Use the American Throat Tablets.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." If a sample of the pudding is offered you free you can at least test its merit. A sample of Rydale's Stomach Tablets or Rydale's Liver Tablets (two different prescriptions written by specialists for two different troubles) will be mailed free to any sufferer writing The Remedy Rydale Co., Newport News, Va. Charles A. Searles & Co.

Biography of a Trout.

Article by J. W. Titcomb Written for The New England Magazine.

An article entitled "The Biography of a Trout," written by John W. Titcomb of this place is being published in the New England Magazine, through the courtesy of President Chapman of the company. The CALEDONIAN reproduces it.

Had you suddenly dropped down in Vermont at the time this story begins you would not have believed that it was midwinter. The proverbial January thaw was so thorough that the ice which covered the streams for two months had broken up and "gone out" in a freshet. The snow was still deep in the dense woods, but only a few patches were to be seen on the open hillsides.

The wife of the mayor of a small city among the Green Mountains had just filled a bowl with water from the tap. In it she saw a little round thing no larger than a small pea and of a pale, pink color with two little dark spots on it. She took it in the palm of her hand and looked at it closely. The warmth in her hand caused something in this strange little ball to move. The two spots moved and then the whole inside of the little ball seemed to move. When replaced in the bowl of water, after an hour or so, the little ball had split open and now had a tail. The tail wiggled and pushed the ball around in the bottom of the bowl; then a shell-like covering dropped off and there was a little fish.

Unlike larger fishes, it had a very big sac on its stomach which was almost as large as the ball had been. The lady had never seen a newly born baby fish and did not know what to do with it. As it had come with the water, she put the bowl under the tap and letting the water drip into it, it was just what the baby fish needed. The room was warm but the fresh water from the tap keeps the little fellow cool and each drop carries with it into the bowl a bit of air. Fishes need air just as much as boys and girls do.

The lady tried to feed the little thing, but it did not touch the crumbs of bread which she gave it. Most of the time it lay very quiet, but when disturbed it wiggled its tail and tried to swim. It could only circle around in the bottom of the bowl and even with much more space it could not do much better because the big sac is a clumsy load for it to carry.

Now have you guessed that the little ball was a fish egg and that the two little dark spots were the eyes of a baby fish? The little fish had been curled around the yolk in the egg and when the shell broke open it uncurled. First the tail stuck out of the crack in the shell, for you must know that it is the usual thing for fishes to come in to the world tail first, otherwise they do not live. Our baby fish could not back away from the shell because its little fins were still inside of it. So it just wiggled its tail until the crack in the shell grew larger and then the shell fell off.

The sac on its stomach is the yolk of the egg and is called the umbilical sac. Have you ever seen the yolk of a hen's egg? Well, eggs of fishes also have yolks, which become the food sacs of the fishes when they hatch. With some kinds of fishes this yolk or bread sac contains enough food to last from three to six weeks, and our baby fish is one of this kind, for it is a trout.

But we are getting ahead of our story. Where did the eggs come from? Have you heard of fish stories? Well, this is a true fish story.

Away back on the hills is a fine trout stream made up of a number of little brooks which have their start still farther up in the hills. In the fall of the year when the leaves of the trees take on such brilliant hues the trout in the brooks also have bright colors. The male trout are the brighter, but both males and females have more vivid colors at this time than at any other. It is at this season that the trout gather, like children, in schools. Those in the lakes and ponds move to places where the water is not deep or towards the mouth of a stream, while those in streams gather in pools and move up against the current of water.

Let us follow a school of trout which has just met at the mouth of a brook. Get down on your hands and knees and creep softly to the bank just where the water tumbles over a log into the pond. The fish are not very wild at this season but it is best not to let them see you nor feel any jar on the banks. Now look sharply into the water. At first you see only the water and the bottom of the pool. Then something moves quickly as a fish darts at one of its mates; another fish almost leaps out of the water and you feel just a bit of a sprinkle of cool water on your nose; then the two fishes become quiet. Now that your eyes have become used to the light in the water, beside the two frisky trout you see ten or twenty more. All of them are heading toward the place where the water gurgles over the log. Each fish slowly moves its fins back and forth just enough to hold itself from drifting away with the current of water, and now and again one trout darts after another like children at play.

But the trout are not playing. A Mr. Trout has sidled up to a Miss Trout and he wants the other fellows to keep away from his chosen mate. Sometimes the lady trout has many admirers and in such cases the one who can fight away the others claims her as his bride, so Mr. Trout has to fight more or less during all the trip up stream.

The journeys of the trout usually occur at night, when they move up stream a little way until they find a nice, sheltered pool. Then follows a period of lazy but happy days spent in this or other pools still farther up the stream.

They do not feel very hungry but still have appetite enough to snap at insects which may be so unfortunate as to drop on the water above them. It is pleasant also to eat an angle worm which may have fallen into the water from a crumbling bank. Now and then a trout is deceived and strikes at a make-believe fly which some angler has dangled over the pool. The make-believe fly is fastened to a hook, and although he feels the prick of the hook in his jaw it does not pain him much; but he sees he is caught and struggles to escape. His mates scurry in all directions; some hide under the banks, some rush up to the next pool, and others rush down stream. The fish on the hook rushes about in the deserted pool until he succeeds in winding the snell around a root. The excited angler pulls just a little too hard. The line breaks, leaving a short piece attached to the root but the trout is free. Quickly he rushes under the bank and hides his head with its torn jaw. We may imagine he is thinking how foolish he was and that he will not again be deceived by an artificial fly. But who knows whether he will not be the first one in the pool again to get caught on a hook?

The angler on the bank has been doing some thinking about the good fight this trout made, and he can tell you about another trout which once got on his hook but which slipped back into the water when he was taking him off. However, his eye was torn out and remained on the hook. The angler had been told that the eyes of fishes make good bait; so he just left this eye on the hook and cast it into the pool. Soon he had another bite and when he landed a small trout he found it was the very fish which had lost its eye. We shall have to excuse the trout for being so greedy as to bite its own lost eye on the ground that he was a little fellow and did not know any better. I tell you about it in order to assure you that fishes apparently suffer little or no pain when hooked.

Now where did we leave our trout? Oh, yes, he was hiding under the bank. Well he does not mind the torn jaw much and soon looks about for his friends. One by one the school assembles again and Mr. Trout finds his mate.

The water in the little brook is growing cooler every day and finally, when the stream swells with the rain until its banks are full, the whole school of trout moves up stream. A heavy rain, raising the water in the stream, is always a signal for the fish to move on.

The two in which we are interested are an odd-looking pair. Mrs. Trout is now five years old and weighs a pound. She was born in this brook and did not grow very fast until two years of age. Then she found herself in a pond which had been made by a fisherman.

There were deep places in the pond much like the pools in the brook, and there were shallow places where pond lilies and water plants grew. Here, too, the water was warmer in the summer time and many insects laid their eggs in it or on the plants and these kept hatching out. Among these were caddis worms, which turn into flies and rise to the top of the water and fly away—if they can—before a fish catches them. You will find some more about them farther on. All these insects and their eggs or larvae make food for the fishes.

So Mrs. Trout had more room and more food and as a result she had grown into a fine, large trout when five years old.

Mr. Trout is only a little over two years old and weighs only a quarter of a pound. It is really funny to see how fierce he can be when other trout come near his mate. Some of them are big fellows, but he drives them all away. He has lived the most of his life in the brook, where he must exercise a good deal in order to get a living. As a result he is more active than the lazy big fellows who loafed around in the still, deep waters of the pond.

When Mr. Trout is not fighting away other fish he busies himself in making love to his mate. He does this by circling about over and under her. Sometimes he bites her gently about her throat as if trying to caress her just as a child does to his mother.

They both like to rub their sides on the gravelly bottom, and, with an occasional flirt of the tail, they make the pebbles and gravel fly until the spot over which they rest becomes a hollow, and quite clean and bright compared with its surroundings. Perhaps it is not known that many kinds of fishes have nests. This clean, bright spot hollowed out in the gravel by Mr. and Mrs. Trout is their nest. In nest building the trout family prefer a hard and gravelly bottom where they brush off all moss or other water plants, and any loose sticks and stones. Sometimes they cannot find such a good place, and may have to dig a deep hollow through thick weeds until they reach gravel, making a nest six or eight inches deep, surrounded by beautiful green water plants. In lakes, where the bottom is mostly fine sand, they have been known to make nests a foot deep by rubbing away the sand, the pebbles settling to the bottom.

At first Mr. and Mrs. Trout work on their nest only at night, but later on they become more absorbed and remain on the nest during the day as well. Usually as they lay side by side their heads are looking in opposite directions—perhaps the more easily to watch the approach of enemies. At this time almost every living thing is an enemy ready to eat the eggs that Mrs. Trout is about to lay.

One evening, when rubbing over the gravelly nest, Mrs. Trout lays a lot of amber colored eggs called spawn.

Then Mr. Trout swims over the nest, and expels a liquid called milt, which comes like a flash, and instantly spreads over the nest, giving a milky hue to the water, and then rapidly vanishes as it follows the current down stream.

All the eggs which are touched by the milt are made complete. Although there is more than enough milt to reach them all, much of it is carried away by the current, so that many eggs are left untouched.

This process in nature is called fertilization, and the fertilization of fish eggs may be compared to that of flowers.

The egg is to the fish what the seed is to the plant. The seed of the plant is not complete until it has been united with the pollen. Bees and other insects when in search of honey shake off the pollen and carry it from one flower to another, thus bringing it into contact with the seed. The milt of the fish corresponds to the pollen of the flowers and it is carried to the eggs by the water instead of by insects.

Mrs. Trout does not lay all the eggs at one time and it is several days before the last egg has been deposited and she is ready to leave the nest.

From the moment that Mrs. Trout makes her first deposit of eggs until this task has been completed there is great excitemeat among the inhabitants of the pool. There are not only a lot of idle fish hoping for an opportunity to seize any eggs which do not adhere to the nest and which may be carried away by the current, but there are also some which are very jealous of Mr. Trout and want to take his place by the side of Mrs. Trout. Thus Mr. Trout must not only furnish milt for each lot of eggs as soon as laid, but he must keep up the fight begun with his courtship.

Most of the eggs adhere to the gravelly ridge on the lower side of the nest and there become imbedded. Had not some of them floated away we might count about one thousand, but allowing for what are eaten—and even Mr. and Mrs. Trout occasionally eat eggs which float away from the nest—perhaps five hundred are fertilized. It is more than likely that less than two hundred are destined to hatch into little fish and that the rest of them will soon die or be devoured.

Now follows the strange part of the story, for Mr. and Mrs. Trout having performed their duties as they know them, leave the nest and no longer feel any interest in the eggs or in their children which may hatch from them. But that is the way of most cold-blooded fishes,—not to think any more of their own children than of other fishes'; indeed, if a baby fish should cross the path of Mr. and Mrs. Trout they would not stop to inquire its parentage before making a meal of it if they happened to be hungry. So these cold-blooded parents gradually work their way, tail first, down stream, very likely robbing the nests of other trout as they go, until they find a congenial place to stay for the winter. Here we lose sight of them, for they become separated and, just like all the other trout, with no individual interest for us.

Other trout which ascended the stream in the same school or in other schools pair off, make nests, and deposit eggs on them just as did our Mr. and Mrs. Trout. This mating and laying of eggs lasts for nearly two months. Before the season is over three other pairs of trout have cleared up the nest on which Mr. and Mrs. Trout left eggs. Each pair eat some of the eggs which become exposed while they are rubbing over the nest. Thus you see that it is very difficult to keep track of a family of trout, for we now have what remains of the eggs of Mr. and Mrs. Trout and of three other pairs of trout all on one nest. Let us see what became of them.

All of the older trout leave that part of the stream and settle down in deeper pools in the main stream or in the pond from which the school started. The water flowing over the eggs grows colder and colder until the stream is covered with ice and snow. The cold water does not injure the eggs; it only puts off the time when they will hatch and the colder the water the longer it takes for the little fishes to develop and break through the eggs. In fact there are some advantages in the cold water, for fishes and other water animals which are fond of fish eggs are not so hungry or active during the winter when the streams are icy cold. Yet the nest of eggs is not without its enemies, for there are young trout born a year ago which must have some food. One of them can eat several eggs a day. Then there is a peculiar little fish called blob, chucklehead, darter, miller's thumb, star gazer, and a dozen other names indicative of his appearance or habits. This little fish of many names hides under the stones with his head out or lies on the gravel. Being of the same color as the bottom of the stream, he is not easily discovered and when anything good to eat floats towards him he opens his mouth and draws it in, or if necessary darts after it. As a result many little trout disappear in its capacious maw, and if it happens to have a home near a nest of eggs it does not wait for them to turn into little fishes, but greedily devours them.

Then again there are many kinds of minnows in some trout streams; two kinds live in the stream where our nest is, and as they consider trout eggs a great delicacy, they eat as many as they can find.

Last, but not least, the caddis worms are abundant in nearly all trout streams. Izaak Walton says, "Several countries have several kinds of caddises that indeed differ as much as dogs do; that is to say, as much as a very cur and a greyhound do."

Caddis worms build curious little houses, shaped like a hollow cylinder, out of sticks, straw, pieces of bark, or sometimes of small pebbles, fitted together as neatly as a mosaic In these they live and hide themselves in time of danger. The boys call them stick-baits because they are used for bait and their homes often resemble small decaying sticks. When in search of food the worm extends its head and with front feelers drags the house along the bottom of the stream. You have read how they turn into flies and how Mrs. Trout enjoyed catching the flies as they rose to the top of the water. Mrs. Trout also enjoys the worms and it is fine play for her silently to dart up behind a caddis worm crawling along on the bottom, with a quick turn seize the head and shoulders in her mouth and shake it so violently that the little stone house falls off, and the worm slides a delicate morsel down Mrs. Trout's throat.

But now the caddises have their revenge upon Mrs. Trout, for they like nothing better than trout eggs and baby fish with umbilical sacs, like the one which came to the wife of the mayor, and many a fine meal they make off them.

All these and many more forms of aquatic life are fond of fish eggs, so you will wonder that any eggs were left in the nest when the freshet came with the January thaw.

Notwithstanding all these enemies some eggs survive and during all this time little fishes are developing inside of them until two little eye spots show through each amber colored shell, first very faintly and later on more plainly.

Then the outline of the little fishes curled up in the shells can also be seen, at first of a whitish color and later of a distinct brown shade.

It was at this stage that the January thaw caused the snow on the hills to melt and the water to pour into the little stream until it became a raging torrent and the nest of eggs was washed out. Some of them are smothered under the sand and debris but others find resting places. As one little egg goes whirling along in the foaming torrent it is sucked into a whirlpool; it spins round and round and then all is dark but it rides rapidly along in the water and darkness, the passageway growing narrower and narrower, until with a final rush it comes again to daylight and falls through the tap into the tender hands of those whose table it is to grace, as you learned in the beginning of the story.

It might have lived here for several weeks or until the absorption of the umbilical sac, but it happens that not far from the city is a fish hatchery where a paternal government makes a business of hatching and taking care of little fishes.

The mayor's wife, full of curiosity over her discovery, calls in the fish man and he takes the little fellow to the hatchery. In the hatchery are many rows of troughs through which a gentle current of cold water is constantly flowing. Some of them contain thousands of eggs just like those laid by Mrs. Trout and little fish are hatching from them every minute.

There are some troughs in which the eggs have all hatched, leaving a mass of fry from a few hours to a few days old, and all have big umbilical sacs or bread baskets where their stomachs ought to be.

Into one of these troughs the fish culturist puts the little waif from the city. What a wriggling mass of fish it is to which this little stranger is introduced. Not until the trough is darkened by a cover do they become quiet.

Every day the fish man looks over each trough to see how the eggs and fish are getting along. The minute a cover is removed the fry begin to wriggle—first one, then those next to him, and so the motion spreads until the entire mass is moving. Each one spins around on his portly abdomen, at the same time struggling to stem the current. Thus there is a tendency of the entire mass to move towards the head of the trough where the falling water assists the whirling movement, and this the fish man describes as rhythm of motion.

In his daily rounds the fish man cleans the screens at the ends of the troughs placed there to prevent the escape of the fry. Otherwise they will become clogged with egg shells and dead fish.

Of course, there are some dead ones each day, for what else can be expected from 40,000 baby fish crowded into one trough 12 or 14 feet long and as many inches wide? There are many oddly shaped little fishes which do not live after the bread basket is all gone, so the fish man picks these out—fishes with three heads or two heads and one body, Siamese twins, and hump-backs. Of these and other deformities too numerous to mention, the fish man always finds from ten to one hundred in every trough of fish.

After a month or six weeks the umbilical sacs have been so nearly emptied that you cannot see what has become of them, and all the time the fish have been growing stronger and larger. You might not notice the growth because of the disappearance of the bread sacs, which are so prominent when the fish first pop out of the eggs.

The troughs become overcrowded, and this is a favorable season of the year to plant some of the fry where they can seek natural food when they become hungry, and hungry they surely will be soon after the bread sacs have been absorbed. So one-half of the fry are taken from each trough, measured out just as you might measure a small dipper of berries, and placed in large cans of water. The fish man has first counted out one dipperful of fish, in order that he may know just how many he is distributing. Then, too, it is desirable for him to measure them, for he must be careful not to overcrowd the cans, or the fish will be made sick or will smother. The cans are loaded on to wagons and hauled to little spring brooks, where the fish are carefully distributed, with the expectation that as they grow larger they will work their way down into larger streams.

You will perhaps wonder how the fish man can count a dipperful of wriggling fry. He first fills the dipper with the little fish until they crowd it full to the brim and there is very little room for any water. Then he empties them into a pan of water. All this is done so quickly that the little fellows do not suffer any injury from being crowded. While the fish are scattered in the pan of water, they are dipped out, a few at a time, by means of a small, flat net, and then counted as they are dipped. Having counted one dipperful, he uses it as a standard for measuring the others. There are other ways of getting at the number of small fish, but this is a quick and fairly accurate one.

At the end of another week the fifteen thousand fry in the trough with our orphan show signs of hunger by snapping at any particle floating on the water. Instead of wriggling about in the bottom of the trough, they are now full-fledged little fishes, swimming at various depths from the bottom to the top.

Now is the critical time with the fry, for they must be fed several times each day. The food usually consists of liver, ground very fine and then strained, only the liquid part being suitable for the baby fish. This is scattered in the water, and most of the little fish learn to take it eagerly, but there are always some weaklings which do not eat and must be removed. At the end of ten days the fish have grown so rapidly that they are again thinned out, a part of them being placed in out-of-door troughs.

(To be continued).

How Good News Spreads.

"I am 70 years old and travel most of the time," writes B. F. Tolson, of Elizabethtown, Ky. "Everywhere I go I recommend Electric Bitters, because I owe my excellent health and vitality to them. They effect a cure every time." They never fail to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, invigorate the nerves and purify the blood. They work wonders for weak, run-down men and women, restoring strength, vigor and health that's a daily joy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction is positively guaranteed by Flint Bros., and F. G. Landry.

Use the American Liver Tablets.

Ricker's Local Market.

The receipts at W. A. Ricker's market for the week ending March 14, 1910, were:

Poultry, 140 lbs. @ 11 to 12 cents.
Lambs, 5 @ 3 to 6 cents.
Hogs, 210 @ 8½ to 9½ cents.
Cattle, 60 @ 2 to 6 cents.
Calves, 205 @ 3 to 6 cents.
Milch Cows, 20 @ $28 to $55.

Hogs and beef firm, light calves and grassers lower.

Use the American Throat Tablets.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FOR A COLD,

Hoarseness. Sore Throat or Cough. use THE AMERICAN THROAT TABLETS.

A Want Ad. in The Caledonian brings actual business to the user.